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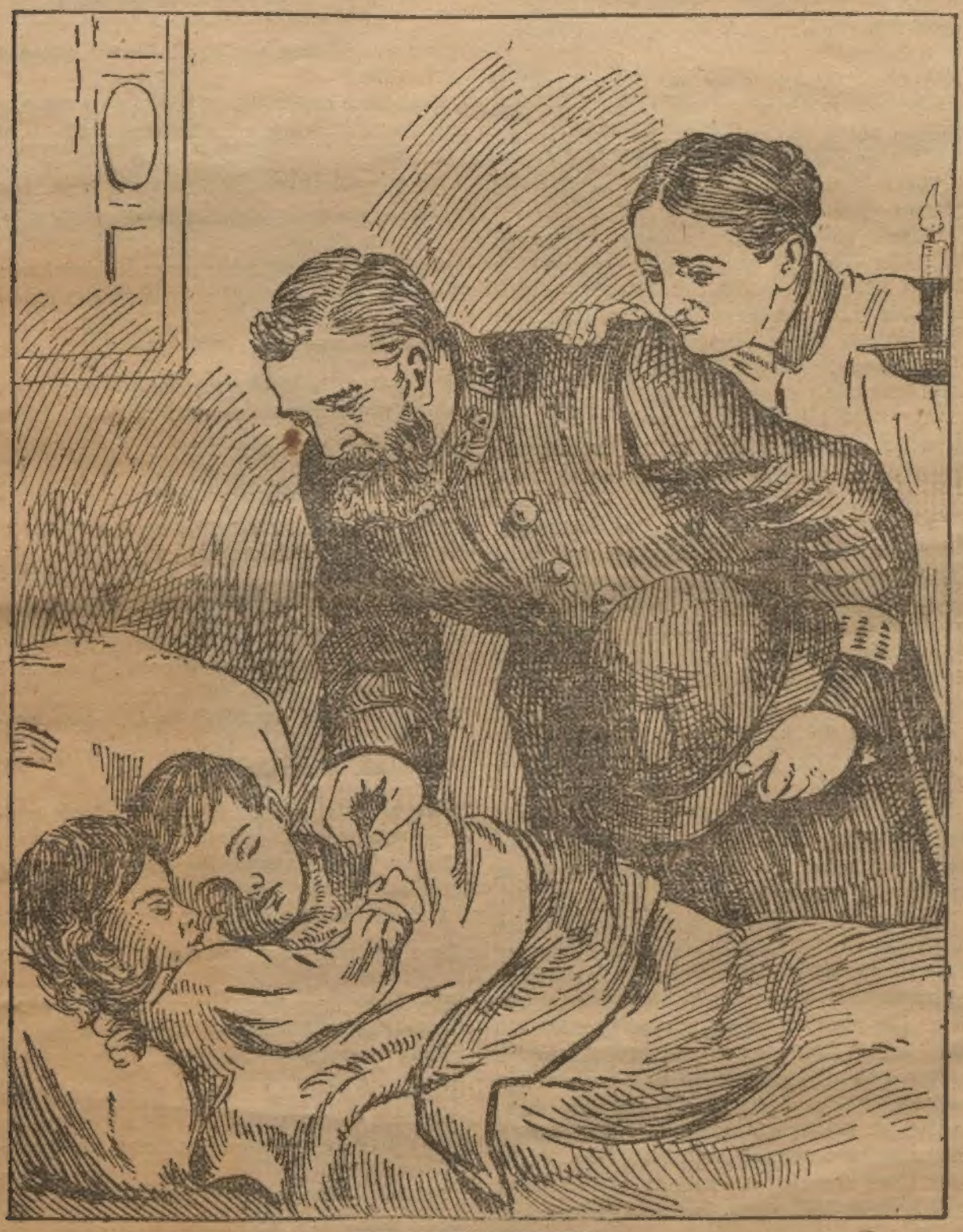
The Police Orphanage.

('Sunday at Home.')

All ready for night duty—helmet brushed, buttons bright, belt polished, but he cannot go without a good-night kiss to the bonnie bairns.

So the 'gude wife' brings the light and both look fondly in pride and thankfulness on the rosy cheeks and closed eye-lids, the curly locks and little dimpled hands straying about on the bed-clothes.

'God bless them!' and off he goes, out into the cold dark night, with a true loving heart beating beneath his uniform.



THE GOOD-NIGHT KISS.

Presently coming across a lonely ragged little one wandering, lost in the deserted streets—left homeless and helpless through 'father,' and, alas! perhaps 'mother,' having spent their last for drink—the constable's heart burns as he thinks of the comfort and peace in his home which his own little ones enjoy, and he speaks a gentle word to the frightened child, and breathes a prayer that God may stay the plague of intemperance.

Shielded and kept through the long night hours, he returns to the hearty welcome, the warm breakfast, and the children's merry prattle.

But change the scene. A few years later, one morning the house is darkened. The children, grown older now, but yet too young to comprehend their loss, wonder why mother weeps with the baby in her arms, and why father lies so still—asleep in a slumber that knows no earthly waking.

It may have been the burglar's hand, or a runaway horse, or a sudden chill in a frosty winter's night that acted as the Pilgrim's arrow (in Bunyon's dream) to call him home.

But whatever was the messenger, the home is left desolate, the bread-winner is gone, and who shall now care for the little ones?

* * * * *

It is with thoughts of this kind in our mind and memory that we ask our readers to accompany us to the Provincial Police Orphanage at Gatton Point, Redhill. This, as its name indicates, is a home for the benefit of the orphan children of the police of all the provincial forces (county, city and borough) in England and Wales.

Perhaps few of our readers have more than a vague idea of the size and importance to the general well-being of our great Peace Army, the police forces of the United Kingdom. Some may, perchance, be surprised to hear that there are no less than 252 separate police forces in Great Britain and Ireland, with a total 'strength' (to use a technical term); of 61,320. The numbers are roughly speaking, distributed as follows:—The Metropolitan force (including Middlesex, and parts of Surrey, Kent, and Herts, and H. M. dockyards, government works, etc.) has a strength of 15,213. The city of London has 928, the docks and markets, 343; Scotland, 5043; Ireland, 14,461; and the counties, cities and boroughs of England and Wales (outside London) give occupation to the remaining 25,332.

For many years there has existed near Twickenham a well-known and excellent orphanage for the benefit of the Metropolitan and city police forces; but until the Christian Police Association took up the cause of the provincial police orphans, no institution of the kind was to be found for those outside the Metropolitan area. In 1889, through its instrumentality, a small Orphan Home was established at Manchester for the benefit of the Manchester and Salford police forces only, and in 1890 a little home for children was opened at Hove, Brighton, simultaneously, with the Police Convalescent Home, which has since proved such a benefit to thousands of sick and injured policemen. The first means for this joint undertaking were supplied by a generous friend, who privately furnished sufficient to pay the rent and taxes for three years. Before the end of that time the little orphanage had developed into a separate institution requiring an establishment of its own.

Sad, indeed, were some of the cases brought before the committee. Here is a boy whose father had been called away through injuries received on duty; here are two little brothers left fatherless suddenly one bitterly cold Christmas Eve, the mother in her lonely cottage with eight children under thirteen years of age and a little infant born three weeks after the father had been laid to rest in the village churchyard. Here are two other little brothers whose widowed mother had worked for them till health and strength completely failed, and she was found lying in one room with the last remains of her furniture—penniless and dying of consumption. Glad, indeed, she was to see her little ones well housed and clothed before she 'fell asleep in Christ.' A sergeant dying from the effects of injuries received on duty, commended his little son and daughter to the Hon. Secretary, begging that they might be kept together and brought up in a Christian home. Some of the latest arrivals are two little ones of six and eight years of age, whose father, after twenty-two years' of good service in the force, was attacked one Saturday night by a crowd of roughs determined on the rescue of a prisoner, and so terribly kicked by them, within sight of his own home, that he was at last brought in to lie for a week in agony and then die. Many of the children are both fatherless and motherless. Among those received last year were three from one family whose parents died within a few weeks of each other.

In nearly all these cases the police forces have given donations to help with the first expenses of the children, and it is pleasant to see the interest taken by the men in the children of their late comrades. Many are the little gifts gladly sent by members of the forces, showing their kind remembrance of the children. A bag of potatoes or a parcel

of cabbage plants from a policeman's garden; a shilling 'to buy something for the youngest child;' some pinafores for the little girls or knitted stockings for the boys; or, as in one instance, a gift which brought tears to the eyes of the receiver—a complete little sailor suit, neatly folded by the mother whose boy had been transplanted to the 'sunny shore, over there.'

(It may be mentioned here that all the boys wear sailor uniform. This custom was first started by the gift of a young lady with six little brothers, whose Indian luggage had gone astray, and when recovered, after eighteen months' wandering, it was found that the twelve sailor suits were all outgrown, and they were thankfully received at the orphanage as God's 'answer' in time of special need.)

Application on behalf of children is made through the recommendation of the chief constable of the force to which the father belonged, the cases being considered—each on its own merits—by the committee, without canvassing or voting. They are admitted between the ages of five and twelve years, boys leaving at fourteen and the girls at fifteen, when they will be placed in service or apprenticed to some trade.

Circumstances having necessitated the removal of the Orphanage from the house at Brighton, it found a temporary home in a farmhouse at Sutton. Here the same generous friend came to the help of the orphans, and bought the freehold of the house near Redhill, to which we now wish to introduce our readers.

Situated on the brow of a hill between Redhill and Merstham, and close to the fine old manorial park of Gatton, with a good-sized garden, and 'room to expand,' with the fresh country air all around, the shady trees, and the songs of the birds, this home is indeed a gift from God. Entering the front door, we find on the right the dining-room, and beyond it the girls' play and work-room, and staircase to their dormitories; and on the left the sitting-room, which is dining, drawing, and writing-room for the lady in charge, and where the children come for their 'good-night' talk and their Sunday singing. This opens into a pretty conservatory, and beyond this is the boys' spacious play and drill-room. At the back, looking out on the garden is the matron's sitting-room and above are the two floors of dormitories—each little bed with its white or red quilt, and its text above the head. The garden affords a good training-ground for the boys who take an interest in the growth of the vegetables and fruit for use or sale, as well as in their own little patches. The children have a busy and happy life—happy because busy. They attend the good school of the parish, marching to and fro, quite in 'policemen' style, and all, both boys and girls, receive excellent instruction in housework from the matron and her husband (an ex-policeman). All take their turns in laying the table, sweeping and scrubbing, etc., thus learning habits of cleanliness and self-independence. As they leave school, each boy receives a training in gardening, and each girl in cooking, laundry, housework and needlework. The farmyard, with its chickens, ducks and pigeons, also supplies a means of training for future life.

It is a pleasant sight to see the large family assembled morning and evening for prayers. Right heartily do they sing their hymns and they answer the bible questions in a way that assures you that for the most part they not only understand their Scripture-lessons, but enjoy them.

The provision for the Orphanage is entirely a matter of faith, as there is no endowment. The promoters trust our Heavenly Father to supply their needs from day to day, and both they and the children bring their wants, small and great, in prayer before his throne ,and never fail to get the answer from him who has taught us to say, 'My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory in Christ Jesus.' (Phil. iv., 19.)

'You Gave Us Nothing.'

One Sunday morning, as a young minister was leaving the church where he had conducted the services, he was accosted by an elderly man who had been one of his hearers, and who said to him, bluntly, 'You gave us nothing this morning.'

It was not very kind or considerate on the part of the old man to say that, and especially to say it so abruptly. Even if it had been true—and of course it might have been—it might have been better left unsaid. To say the least, if said at all, it should have been said very differently.. But it might not be true, and somebody might have found it a word of comfort and life although the old man did not.

'I think I know what you mean,' replied the young minister; 'you mean that you did not enjoy the service. But will you allow me to ask you a question or two?'

The old man gave a look of assent, and the preacher said to him—

'May I ask if, before coming to church this morning, you asked God's blessing on behalf of all ministers of his Word this morning, and, amongst them, on behalf of the one you might hear?'

The man hesitated, but at length replied that he could not say he had.

'I should like to ask again,' said the preacher, 'if, as you came to church this morning, you asked anybody to come with you?'

'No,' he said, 'I did not. I came straight from home to church without saying a word to anybody.'

'May I ask you,' said the young man, 'just another question? Are you engaged in any useful Christian work—teaching in the Sunday-school, for instance, or anything else by which men may be brought to Christ?'

The man did not reply very promptly or willingly; but he had to confess that he was doing nothing.

'Then excuse me,' said the preacher, 'if I tell you I am not surprised to hear you say that you found nothing to interest you in the service this morning.'

The writer of this is a minister, and he confesses most frankly and humbly that sermons—and indeed the whole of the services of which they form a part—often vary greatly. The minister is not always himself. He may be in feeble health, or there may be sickness in his home, or he may b e worried and in trouble, or he may have been interrupted in his preparations, or his subject may not have opened out before him, as he hoped and expected it would do. So it might well happen that there was not a great deal in the services for anybody.

But is it always the minister's fault when his hearers find he has 'given them nothing?'

'Friendly Greetings.'

'As I Have Loved You.'

'It was the Communion Day in our church, and the service proceeded as usual. My thoughts were all of my own unworthiness, and Christ's love to me, until Mr. E. asked the question, nobody ever notices, 'Has any one been omitted in the distribution of the bread?' And it seemed to me I could see millions on millions of women rising silently in India, Africa, Siam, Persia, in all the countries where they need the Lord, but know him not, to testify that they have been omitted in the distribution of the bread and cup! And they can take it from no hands but ours, and we do not pass it on. Can Jesus make heaven so sweet and calm that we can forgive ourselves this great neglect of the millions living now, for whom the body was broken and the blood shed, just as much as for us?'

The feast was spread, the solemn words were
Spoken;
Humbly my soul drew near to meet the
Lord,
To plead his sacrificial body broken.
His blood for me outpoured.

Confessing all my manifold transgression,
Weeping to cast myself before his throne,
Praying his Spirit to take full possession,
And seal me all his own.

On him I laid each burden I was bearing,
The anxious mind, of strength so oft
bereft,
The future dim, the children of my caring,
All on his heart I left.

'How could I live, my Lord,' I cried, without
thee?
How for a single day this pathway trace,
And feel no loving arm thrown round about
me,
No all-sustaining grace?

'O, show me how to thank thee, praise thee,
love thee,
For these rich gifts bestowed on sinful me;
The rainbow hope that spans the sky above
me,
The promised rest with thee?'

As if indeed, he spoke the answer, fitted
Into my prayer, the pastor's voice came
up:
'Let any rise if they have been omitted
When passed the bread and cup!'

Sudden, before my inward, open vision,
Millions of faces crowded up to view,
Sad eyes that said 'For us is no provision;
Give us your Saviour, too!'

Sorrowful women's faces, hungry, yearning,
Wild with despair, or dark with sin and
dread,
Worn with long weeping for the unreturning,
Hopeless, uncomforted

'Give us,' they cry, 'your cup of consolation
Never to our outreaching hands is passed,
We long for the Desire of every nation,
And oh, we die so fast!

'Does he not love us, too, this gracious
Master?
'Tis from your hand alone we can receive
The bounty of his grace; oh, send it faster,
That we may take and live!'

'Master,' I said, as from a dream awaking,
'Is this the service thou dost show me?
Dost thou to me entrust thy bread for breaking
To those Who cry for thee?

'Dear Heart of Love, canst thou forgive the
blindness
That let thy child sit selfish and at ease
By the full table of thy loving kindness,
And take no thought for these?

'As thou hast loved me, let me love; returning
To those dark souls the grace thou givest
me;
And oh, to me impart thy deathless yearning
To draw the lost to thee!

'Nor let me cease to spread thy glad salvation,
Till thou shalt call me to partake above,
Where the redeemed of every tribe and nation
Sit at thy feast of love!'

—'Our Helper.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Mau Bibi.

They laid her to rest—to rest in the little Nasik Cemetery—not with her fathers, but with the brethren in the Lord, whom Mau Bibi found when she left her own people and was baptized into the Church of Christ.

. . . I am tempted to tell you the simple but true story of Mau Bibi, one of his beloved to whom he has given sleep, but who lives in the memory of the people among whom she spent her beautiful, quiet, Christian life for twenty years.

Mau Bibi was originally a Mohammedan lady of great wealth, who lived in a large town many hundreds of miles from Nasik. After some years of married life she was left a widow with two young sons, to whom she clung with all the passion of her loving nature. The gentle, inexperienced lady,

A MOHAMMEDAN LADY.

shut up as she had been all her life in a zenana, now left all the management of her affairs to the 'kaji' (the priest), who highly appreciated this arrangement; and if he did not profit by it, why, he was certainly below the average kaji in cunning and craft. But I have no desire to accuse this venerable priest of any quality he would have been ashamed to own before his brother kajis; and he certainly would have been ashamed—more than you or I can understand—of being accused of such a human weakness as honesty in dealing with the affairs of an unprotected, simple, and honest widow; and so I only give him his due when I say he swindled Mau Bibi completely. But Mau Bibi's lofty nature was incapable of doubting any man's honesty; and so she pinned faith to this estimable brother, and fell an unsuspecting victim to his machinations. Her sons grew up strong, stalwart men, such as would delight any mother's heart, and Mau Bibi daily praised Allah (God) for his favor to the widow. But, alas! she could not keep them forever at her side, and one day she awoke to find them gone. Gone! Yes; she tried to disbelieve it, but time only proved her dread correct, and they had taken all the sunshine out of her life, which was nothing but a blank now. Poor widow! Poor mother! Had God forgotten to be gracious?

Mau Bibi found, on inquiry, that her sons had enlisted, but she could not ascertain in what regiment they had done so, and if the kaji knew more than he led her to expect, he was only living up to his principle of never telling the truth if he could help it; and, of course, no one dared to breathe a word against so holy a man, who all his life had received the confidence of those around him, but had never so far forgotten himself as to confide in any of his weak fellow-creatures. He was full of advice now, and in accordance with his excellent (?) counsels, several hundreds of fakirs were selected and fed (of course he had the management of the dinners), and offerings were made to the peers; for who could tell what great things might not arise from so benevolent an act? And only after performing this virtuous ceremony could Mau Bibi reasonably expect the many letters which the kaji solemnly avowed having sent to her sons to be answered. She lent a willing ear to all his advice; for oh, how she hungered for her sons! But after many hundreds of fakirs had thriven on her dinners, and still no news of the prodigals reached her, Mau Bibi's heart failed and died within her as she remarked to the kaji, who, of course, took prompt measures to make it live again, and set about working Mau Bibi up to greater zeal, and making her give still larger sums in charity. But still she heard nothing of her sons; and if at last her faith in the kaji's word was beginning to die, it was from no lack of artful representations from him.

Years rolled on, however, and the mother's heart was still yearning for her sons, who, if the truth were told, had written letter upon letter to the kaji, and had been answered each time in Mau Bibi's name. At length the mother set out with a broken heart and empty purse into the wide world to find those for whom she had sorrowed so long. There were few railways in those days, and so she travelled on foot. With no covering over her aged head beside the fine white chuddar she wore, with no shoes on her delicate feet, accustomed only to the cool shade of the zenana, this loving creature pressed forward under a burning tropical sun. If asked where she thought her sons were, she would say, with native simplicity: 'Who knows? Perhaps in Lucknow, Cawnpore, or Delhi; at any rate, in Hindustan.' She generally ended up with a sob as she realized how wide Hindustan was; and then she would scold herself, and, plucking up courage, would again set forth on her fruitless search, with a brave determination not to give in.

At length, after days of weary travelling, she came in sight of a picturesque town, which they told her was Nasik. 'It must be a sacred city of the Brahmins,' she reflected, as she caught a glimpse of the gilded domes of numerous Hindu temples, many of which were built on the banks of the sacred river Krishna. Tired as she was, Mau Bibi could not help admiring the beautiful scene before her; and, indeed, I do not know a more splendid sight than a thoroughly Indian town sleeping peacefully in the crimson glow of an Oriental sunset. Mau Bibi dragged her aching limbs up the steps of a 'dharamsala,' or traveller's rest, and sank wearily down on the veranda—wretched, miserable, heartbroken, with a sickening conviction that she should never see her sons. Scalding tears dropped unheeded on the fair hands clasped in anguish, and great sobs shook the delicate frame as it leant against the veranda-post. She knew not how long she remained thus. Her anguish was of that exquisite nature when to mark the flight of time is impossible, and hours and minutes are alike merged in grief.

At length, however, Mau Bibi was conscious that some one was singing not far off. She roused herself to listen, for she had never before heard anything so sweet. A crowd had gathered around an English gentleman who was singing a Marathi hymn. Presently the singing ceased, and the kind-faced gentleman began speaking in a calm, sweet voice, which was like music to Mau Bibi's ears. At first she heeded not the words, soothed only by the sound of the musical voice; but at length a word or two reached her, making the lady creep out of the shadow to the edge of the veranda, forgetting there were evident traces of tears on her face, and bent only on hearing the

A 'STALWART SON' OF INDIA.

preacher. With bated breath and beating heart Mau Bibi listened to the ever new story of 'Jesus and his love,' and every word sank deep into her heart (softened by affliction), to spring up afterward and bring forth fruit an hundred-fold. So this was what he had been preparing her for! Truly, 'his ways are not our ways, nor his thoughts our thoughts.'

An evangelist seeing her eager, tear-stained face, stepped gently to her side, and with kind consideration led her away to a spot beyond the gaze of the inquisitive crowd, who had begun to be attracted by the fair face of the gentle Mohammedan lady.

'Tell me more about 'Mussee' (Jesus), she said, when they were a safe distance from the crowd; and so he told her, first about the crucifixion, and then of the many miracles our dear Lord wrought. The raising of the widow's son brought tears to Mau Bibi's eyes; and when the evangelist told her how this same loving Jesus had said, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' poor Mau Bibi broke down utterly. She forgot all around her, and heard, as it were, only the voice of Jesus himself saying, 'Come unto me;' and she went—sorrow, and weariness, and all—and found rest. Her poor, tired feet need

no longer travel along the burning road, her aching limbs need no more be dragged to Lucknow or any other place, she would abide here till he called her home. She had nowhere to go that night, so the missionary took her with him, and lodged her in the poorhouse with the native Christians. She never left this house; for twenty years she lived among those simple people, showing forth Christ in her daily life.

The next morning the first sound which greeted her ears was the tolling of a bell, and on inquiry she discovered that the Christians were going to worship in the little chapel which had formerly been part of a raja's palace. 'I should like to go, too,' said Mau Bibi; and so she filed in with the worshippers to the seats reserved for the occupants of the poorhouse. She bowed her head and listened with rapt attention to the service; and after it was over she went to the kind evangelist and begged him to tell her more about Jesus; and so, in accordance with her earnest desire Mau Bibi was duly instructed in the Christian faith, and then baptized. Those who witnessed it could never forget her baptism. It was a glorious sight, indeed. The dark chapel with its massive carved pillars and dark roof, the crowd of white-robed native Christians, old men and women, young men and maidens, and little children, all assembled to witness the gathering in of a golden sheaf into the Master's garner.

And Mau Bibi? She stood with clasped hands and upturned face—the very light of heaven shining out of her beautiful dark eyes. Have you ever witnessed the baptism of a convert to Christianity, dear readers? Have you ever experienced the thrill of joy that stirs your very soul when a brother or sister is brought by Him 'out of darkness into His marvellous light?' Then you will understand the feelings of that little congregation in the Nasik Church, as they saw the baptism of Mau Bibi, the good, pure woman whom God had brought through such deep waters into his haven of peace.

'I came here seeking my sons, and I have found a Saviour,' said Mau Bibi with a rapturous smile, as she greeted her brethren in the little square yard around which the palace was built, after the manner of Indian palaces. And then she slipped into her own little room with its 'charpy' (cot) and cane stool; and the bare, dingy place suddenly seemed to become illuminated with heavenly light as Jesus entered, and he abode there: never, never did he again leave it, for Mau Bibi's face never lost the light which tells our fellow-creatures that we have been with Jesus. For twenty years she went in and out among them, living the Christ-life as faithfully as many do who have been Christians all their lives.

How they loved her! No disputes, no quarrels could ever go on in Mau Bibi's calm presence. 'Brethren, Christ loved us; shall we not love one another?' she would say in her peculiarly musical voice, and peace would be restored at once. It was a rest merely to look at her calm, sweet face, and if any one was in trouble or sorrow, Mau Bibi's room was at once resorted to as a haven of peace.

But she never quite got over the hardships she had sustained during her long, weary journey from her native town to Nasik; and her loving friends saw her health gradually failing, and, worse than all, she lost her eye-sight.

'Life must be dark now, sister,' said a friend to her one day. Mau Bibi smiled that dear, wonderful smile of hers that resembled nothing so much as sunshine on a wet day. 'Dark, brother? Why, I don't know that I've ever had so much light on my path before. When God shuts out the light of the sun we see with our bodily eyes, he lets the Sun of Righteousness shine all the more brightly in the soul.'

Years passed on, and at length Mau Bibi lay dying. The evening sun streamed into her tiny room, flooding it with golden light, and lighting up the lovely face of the dying woman. 'Has my brother come?' she asked, as some one bent down and kissed her. 'Not yet,' was the answer. 'He will come, though,' she said, and just then she heard the step of the evangelist approaching. 'Brother!' cried Mau Bibi with a glad smile,

A HINDU FAKIR.

'have you come?' And as he bent over her she murmured, 'The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing to Zion, and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads!' She lay silent for very long, her sightless eyes turned toward the sunlight. Presently her lips moved, and stooping down they heard her whisper, 'No more night—the Lord God giveth them light.' And a moment later Mau Bibi was in the presence of the King.—'The Indian Female Evangelist.'

Topsey's Work.

Writing of their missionary work in India and Ceylon, Misses Mary and Margaret Leitch, the two devoted missionaries, relate this incident: Topsy was the name given playfully by a missionary in Midnapore, India, to a little girl in the orphanage. One Sabbath, when the missionary was preaching about Christ's death on the cross for us, he noticed Topsy, usually so restless, sitting strangely quiet, and two great tears gathering in her lustrous eyes, which were fixed upon him. That night Topsy gave her heart to the Saviour who had so loved her as to lay down his life for her. The missionary and his wife rejoiced that night that their labors had not been in vain. She asked and obtained permission to go out every day after school hours with an aged bible-woman, to help her to teach the bible lessons and Christian hymns to the Zenana women whom she visited.

One day as they were going through the streets, the little girl walking a step or two behind the bible-woman, Topsy espied a very strange-looking object seated by the roadside on a tiger skin. It was a fakir woman. Topsy sat down beside her and asked her if she had ever heard about Christ. The fakir woman said she had not, so Topsy began to tell her the story, but before she had finished, the bible-woman, who had gone on for some distance without missing Topsy, came back to look for her in some alarm, and when she found her, blamed her for stopping behind. Topsy in great distress said to the fakir woman, 'I can't stop to tell you the rest now, but if you will come to the house where the missionary lives, this evening, he will be at home then, and he will tell you all about it much better than I can. Be sure to come. I will tell him to expect you.'

The missionary received the stranger kindly, and when she was seated, told her about Christ and what he had done for us. He discovered that she was a Brahminee named Chandra Lilavati, and possessed a remarkable education, being able to read in four different languages, viz: Nepalese, Origa, Bengalee, and Hindi, and familiar with many of the sacred books of the Hindus. Her husband, who had been a noted man, a learned Brahmin Pundit, had instructed her, and since his death she had wandered during many years all over India on pilgrimages, visiting numerous shrines and temples, and everywhere she was worshipped as a goddess. The missionary gave her a Gospel in the language most familiar to her, and she went away, only to return again and again to learn more, until she was led to believe in Jesus as the Son of God and to accept him as her Saviour. On the day when she publicly professed her faith and was baptized, throngs of people came to witness the ceremony, and to see her whom they had formerly worshipped as a godess renounce all her worldly honors and privileges, and give up her lucrative profession to become a humble Christian.

After this she begged to be allowed to come daily while the missionary was instructing his class of young theological students, and to listen to his words. When the students were ready to enter upon their work, the missionary said to the woman, 'If you would like to become a bible-woman, I would provide you with a house and give you a salary sufficient to meet your living expenses;' but she answered, 'No, no, I must go back, and in every city where I have told the wrong story, I must tell the right one.' And she who had so long been an object of worship, and received every honor and attention, lifted up and placed on her head the heavy basket of bibles and tracts and religious books which she had begged the missionary to supply her, and started on foot, though an old woman with white hair, to revisit the cities she had previously visited, and put right what in ignorance she had put wrong.

The missionary heard of her from time to time in Calcutta, Burdwan, Monghir, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Delhi, and other cities in India, the missionaries in these places writing that she had visited them and greatly revived and stimulated their native Christian people by her presence and words, causing great astonishment among the Hindus who had formerly known and worshipped her as a holy and learned fakir.—'Christian Herald.'

So, whether on the hilltops high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where
The shadows lie—what matter? He is there.

And more than this: wher'er the pathway lead,
He gives to me no helpless, broken reed,
But His own hand, sufficient for my need

So, where He leads me I can safely go,
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why in His wisdom He had led me so.
—Waif.

'I Will Make You Fishers of Men.'

'My son,' there was a pathetic quiver in the voice.

'What is it, mother? Don't look so downcast. I'm not going into a lion's den.'

'Alas! dear boy, there are lions in every pathway in life. I should feel so much safer if you were a Christian.'

'But I'm a gentleman, I hope, if not a Christian,' and the young man straightened himself up proudly.

'Yes—well, I can pray for you still. Your mother's God go with you, my dear boy. You are all I have, the hope and pride of my life.'

She clasped her arms around him, and the old, old form of heart-breaking farewell was said—as old as the days in which mothers have parted from their sons, to see them go out from home to the temptations of life in the great busy world.

He waved his hand at her at the turn in the street which hid his home from view, and while she sank down by her arm-chair in an agony of tearful prayer, he passed on to the railway station.

For the first days the excitement of seeing the new sights of the busy little city effectually drove away all thoughts of loneliness, and his leisure hours were devoted to looking up its manufacturing interests, in watching the steamboats coming and going upon the great Mississippi. But after a time these things, so interesting in their novelty, began to get stale, and as the evenings grew longer, an uneasy sense of disquiet took possession of him.

He had a room at his boarding house—a box-like affair—the regulation bed-stead, wash-stand and chair and a rickety table its only furniture. No pictures or draperies to make it seem cosy or homelike, and he soon grew unutterably weary of its prison-like dimensions. Yet where could he go?

He had a horror of saloons, and he had never acquired the habit of lounging about the stores. He had made several acquaintances among young men of his own age, one of whom in particular had repeatedly invited him into a club, which in its associations was only a saloon in principle, but he had so far avoided it and obtained for himself the title of 'goody-boy' in consequence; but in his exceeding loneliness he had concluded to accept should the invitation be again pressed upon him.

'Come on, Baker, let's go out to church. The leading pastor in the city is giving a series of sermons to young men, and perhaps he'll have something for us.' There had been a new recruit in the boarding-house ranks of late, a stranger like himself but of a stronger, firmer mould, and the two had felt strongly drawn together, to Harry Baker's advantage.

The house was filled when they arrived, but a skilled force of young men were acting as ushers and they were taking especial pains that young men, particularly strangers, should be well seated, and one of the best seats in the church was found for them. It was a strong sermon, full of pointed and helpful suggestions, and at its close the speaker said that in trying to solve the problem of what could be done for the young men who came from their homes to the city, that a number of ladies had offered to open their homes on stated evenings, for the entertainment of any young man who wished to enter the circle of an intelligent Christian family.

'I cannot tell you the pleasure it gives me to make this announcement,' the speaker said earnestly, 'and I trust that many of you here to-night will use the opportunity.' He then read the names, the number of residences, and the evenings upon which each would entertain.

'We design that two or more Christian homes shall be open every evening in each week, until we have had time to prove our plan a success or a failure, and cards containing the list for the week can be had of the ushers.'

'Well, what do you think of it?' said Harry Baker.

They had each taken a card as they passed out.

'I think preaching and practice have got a mighty sight nearer each other than they usually get,' was Ernest Duncan's reply. 'It's easy enough to preach against questionable places, and tell a fellow he mustn't do this, and he mustn't go there, but if they take away all these things they ought in reason to suggest something in place of it. Shall we go?'

'We'll let circumstances determine.' Harry Baker was naturally timid and dreaded the entree among strangers.

Monday evening they were both busy, but on Wednesday evening the subject was renewed.

'Come on, Harry, we'll dress and hunt up the places, anyhow,' said Ernest, coming into the small, uninviting room of his fellow-boarder.

'Clark wanted me to go to the theatre with him this evening,' replied Harry. 'They're going to have an oyster supper afterward—some of the boys.'

'Something you'd better avoid, if you'll take my advice. That is one of the lowest of variety theatres, and I don't fancy that Clark.'

'I can't say that I do particularly, but a fellow must have some fun or fossilize.'

'Better fossilize than decay. Come, Baker, I'd counted upon you to go with me to-night.'

'All right, old fellow, I believe you're the safest man of the two,' replied Harry, with a little secret relief in making the decision.

There were three homes open for the evening and they found the first number on the list readily, the blinds were shut and there were no outward signs of hospitality.

'Pshaw, do they think we're going to bombard such a formidable looking castle as that?' said Harry, impatiently. 'Come on, Duncan, let's go up to the theatre. This Christian hospitality is a failure.'

'Don't judge too hastily; we'll go on to the next place.'

Very fortunately Clark did not cross their line of march or Harry would have broken ranks at the first fire of his sarcastic raillery, and as it was, Ernest barely succeeded in holding him until the next number was reached.

It was a pleasant cottage home, and a friendly light streamed out of the unshaded windows—a lovely white-haired mother placidly rocked in an easy chair, and a bright-faced girl was playing a lively tune upon the piano, while a young man carried a rattling accompaniment upon a violin.

'There's the place!' exclaimed Ernest, heartily. 'This looks more as if they were ready and expecting company,' while a big uncomfortable lump rose up in Harry's throat—he had not seen anything so homelike since he had left his own white-haired mother.

There was a little natural restraint just at first, but the music proved a bond of sympathy, and in ten minutes they were chatting easily and joining in with the family pleasures.

Others came in a little while, drawn there by the spell of that friendly open window, and several plans were proposed and got under way for spending the winter evenings pleasantly and innocently, a reading evening and musical evening each week among them.

'You will help us to bring in other young men who need home influence, will you not?' The dear, motherly hand was laid on Harry's arm with affectionate zeal.

'Yes, indeed, I will, Mrs. Wayne. You do not know what this evening has done for me,' his voice trembled in spite of him, as he contrasted its pleasure with that which he had contemplated.

That night was the turning point in Harry's career, as it branched out into avenues of usefulness and respectability, and as he and Ernest became interested in the work, many others in equal need were introduced into Christian homes, and furnished with innocent and intelligent amusement.

When spring again opened her avenues of interest and out-of-door recreation to the unoccupied, the pastor made another announcement to his congregation:

'I am greatly pleased to report that the plan of opening Christian homes to young and homeless men has been a noble success, and I am persuaded that the ripples of influence which have gone out from the movement will be immortal. In watching its workings I have noted one fact, however, which I will bring before you as a suggestion: It has been those who have fished with open windows and bright, cheerful firesides who have caught the most fish. Do not shut your blinds and present a dark front when you hope to entice a wanderer; rather hang out a banner with an illuminated "Welcome" upon it and give the saloon no advantage of brightness or monopoly of attractions for homeless or idle men.'—Mrs. F. M. Howard, in 'The Union Signal.'

Deacon Goodenough's Confession.

(By Rev. J. F. Bartlett, in Chicago 'Standard.')

Slowtown was a prosperous little hamlet, a mile and a half from the main line of the A. and Z. Railway. It was a farming community, whose spiritual interests were served by two churches, one of which had reluctantly parted with the Rev. Praisehim Loudly, and were not fully ready to receive with open arms the new incumbent, the Rev. Rising Slowcome. 'Bro. Slowcome is not like Bro. Loudly; a good man doubtless, but not able, I fear, to fill Bro. Loudly's place.' This was the remark of Deacon Goodenough. And Bro. Winterwork, a nervous man, who was always on hand (from December to March of each year) regretfully exclaimed, 'How we shall miss Bro. Loudly's ringing exhortations, his energetic manner, which used to move us to activity, even when the Lord himself had no power to do it. I am afraid that Bro. Slowcome will prove to be a little slow.'

Oh, I can not tell you all they said. Nothing downright mean; no, no, not that; nothing actually unchristian; they were simply pitying themselves, and expressing fears concerning the future. You know what the outcome was of course. Bro. Slowcome, a bright, consecrated, sensitive man, felt a chill from the start. They did not treat him unkindly, but they simply did not co-operate.

The first nine months dragged wearily along, with scarcely any fruitage. The week of prayer was observed as usual, but everybody was glad when it was over. And the people continued to sympathize with each other, and contrast the fruitful past with the sterile present.

The preacher? He was heartsick; worn out in body and distressed in spirit. He

hungered for sympathy, and he found but little; he longed for Christian fellowship, but he longed almost in vain. He labored early and late, but results were small, because he toiled almost alone. Well, in the month of February of that year he was invited to assist a brother pastor in the near-by village of Sunny Slope. Ah, what a treat that was to him; how it gladdened his heart and rested his soul to see men and women moved by his words; actively responsive under the gospel which he preached. Fervently he thanked God for this blessed oasis in the desert of his life, as with regret he returned home to take up his thankless task again.

But in the meantime something had happened in the church in Slowtown. I will tell the story as nearly as I remember it. As soon as the young pastor was well out of the village, the deacons of the church—four of them, all true men—held a conference. They were Deacon Goodenough, Deacon Praizer, Deacon Fairman, and Deacon Solumun. And they said, 'What's to be done? Things can not go on this way; the people are dissatisfied, there are no conversions, the crowds are going to the other church; everything with us is on the down grade. What can be done, brethren?' And they all said 'Prayer; we must tell God about it. That's the only way out.' A concert of prayer for the pastor; for the pastor, mind you; for you see, contrasting the prosperous days of Mr. Loudly's pastorate with the present state of things, they were unanimous in the feeling that they were in this sad plight because the Rev. Rising Slowcome was not as full of the spirit of God as he ought to be.

And so, quietly, without public announcement, the church convened, to spend an hour and a half in prayer for their pastor (an excellent thing for any church to do, by the way, two or three times a year). It had been agreed that Deacon Goodenough should conduct the meeting. After the people had sung 'Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw,' the good deacon slowly rose and faced the congregation—two score of them. For thirty years he had prayed and labored for the interests of Zion in that one spot; he was honored and loved by all who knew him. Like Cornelius, his prayers and his alms had kept company, and almost every home in Slowtown enshrined some memorial of his Christian service. The deacon stood in silence for a moment, as if hesitating to utter the words that were behind his lips. He seemed strangely moved; the hand that rested on the back of his chair was seen to tremble, and those who sat near the front noted his moistened eyes and quivering chin.

'Brethren and sisters,' at last he began; 'you all know the object of this meeting. It was called by the deacons, at my suggestion, to pray for God's blessing of power to be upon our pastor, in view of the present sad condition of things. Now you will be surprised to hear me say that I cannot join with you this evening in this concert of prayer for this purpose.'

Everybody looked at his neighbor, then at the deacon, and wondered whatever he might mean. The good man continued:

'I come here to-night a rebuked, humiliated, penitent man, whose eyes have been opened by the Spirit and the word of God; a man who cannot pray for anybody; but can only beat upon his own breast and cry, "God be merciful to me, the sinner." Let me tell you what I mean. The brethren had said that I must lead this meeting; I felt that it was to be an hour of great moment; perhaps it would mark a crisis in the life of our beloved church; and I felt the need of special preparation for this service. So I took to myself a half-holiday, and have been shut up with God and my bible all the afternoon. It would take me too long, brethren, to tell you all that has passed between God and my soul this day; I will relate just the outline of it. I entered my room and shut the door—as Jesus directed, you know. I walked to the window, bible in hand, while asking God to lead me. Suddenly my eyes were involuntarily fixed upon those words in the sixth of Luke, and before I knew it I was reading them aloud:

'"And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye but perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Either how canst thou say to thy brother, Brother, let me pull out the mote that is in thine eye, when thou beholdest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye."

'I was startled, almost afraid, for although my lips moved, it did not seem to be I, but God, whose voice I heard; and when I shut my eyes, I could see those words before me, in letters of fire. Will you wonder that I trembled? I had entered that room perfectly complacent and satisfied so far as I myself was concerned; I thought there was no trouble anywhere, except in the weakness and inefficiency of our pastor. And here was God, by this direct revelation, calling me a hypocrite, and by the figure of speech which these verses contain, giving me clearly to understand that my personal fault, and my personal sin, and my own weakness is as much greater than that of the man I was about to pray for, as is the difference between the tiniest splinter and the heaviest stick of timber. And I, a Christian forty years, and a deacon in this church thirty years. Brethren, it broke me all up; I fell into my chair a wretched man; and while I sat there helpless, almost stunned, the Holy Spirit began to whisper some things to my heart:—

'"A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another. My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth.

'"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or as a tinkling cymbal.

'"The end of the commandment must be love out of a pure heart.

'"Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren."

'And then, to cap the climax, there came to me those words of Paul to the Thessalonians:

'"And we beseech you, brethren, to know them which labor among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you. And to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake."

'And now brothers and sisters, the upshot of all this is, that for the last nine months I have been false to the spirit of all these commandments, without meaning to be. I feel that I have wronged the church, I have wronged the Lord, I have wronged my own soul, and I have not kept my covenant with Bro. Slowcome, simply because I loved Bro. Loudly. I've left him to toil alone; I haven't opposed him, but I haven't helped him, and I solemnly promised God forty years ago that I'd try to be always a helper, not a hinderer. I've broken that promise. I'm a miserable sinner and I know it; God forgive me. I speak not for you, nor for anybody else, but as for myself, I know that the Spirit of God is saying to me at this moment, "First cast the beam out of thine own eye." Brethren, will you pray for me?'

The deacon sat down; and would you believe it, nobody prayed, no, not for the space of thirty minutes. And why? Because prayer was not in order after such a confession as that. Everybody was weeping. Suddenly, up rose Deacon Praizer, the tears running down his face. After several ineffectual attempts he managed to say:

'Surely the Lord is in this place, and he has spoken. I'm a guilty man; I take my place by the side of Bro. Goodenough. Pray for me.'

And so it went on in the same fashion for half an hour; and then they all got down before the Lord, and opened their hearts to him as they had just done to one another. And then they sang, 'Blest be the tie that binds.' The meeting ended; they had been there an hour and a half, and not one of them had offered the prayer he expected to pray when he came. But each had the assurance in his heart that the dawn of a new day was near; and strange to relate, each, for the first time, felt a strong desire to take the pastor by the hand.

Next day, which was Saturday, when the pastor stepped off the cars on his return from Sunny Slope, expecting to walk the mile and a half to Slowtown, he was surprised to find Deacon Goodenough at the station with his carriage, come to drive him home. This had never happened before, nor had the deacon ever seemed so brotherly, and it made an impress of comfort upon the hungry heart of the young preacher.

Sunday came, one of those beautiful winter days God sometimes gives his people. Of course there were fewer empty pews than usual, though the preacher knew not why. There were three reasons why he preached with greater freedom and power than he had ever done before. First, because he had for ten days been in a place where sinners were being saved, and that inspires as nothing else can. Secondly, because the pulpit platform was covered with flowers, and he was standing underneath the word 'Welcome' traced in great shining letters. The third reason, he did not know, but we know, because we were present at that wonderful meeting two evenings before.

I have now told you how the great revival in Slowtown began; a work of grace that wonderfully blessed the entire community, and inaugurated an era of prosperity in the church of which we have been speaking, such as it had never known before. The blessing dated from the hour when Deacon Goodenough related his experience that memorable Friday evening.

'Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy Tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.
—Waif.

How Things Brightened in the Daysville Auxiliary.

(Miss Alice M. Kyle, in 'Life and Light.')

'I'm clean discouraged,' said Miss Roxy, throwing 'Life and Light' down on the table and sinking into an easy-chair with a sigh that emphasized her words. Her very bonnet strings had a limp, dejected air, and flopped helplessly about as she nodded her head at her invalid sister and repeated, 'Yes, Susanna, I'm clean discouraged.'

'Poor Roxy,' and her sister reached out a thin, white hand and patted Miss Roy sympathetically. 'I do believe that auxiliary meeting will be the death of you yet. What is it this time?' And Miss Sue's tone indicated that nothing would surprise her.

'O, nothing new; only this was our annual meeting, and so it seemed a little worse than usual. There were only ten people there to begin with, but lame Jane Hall slipped in toward the last. Poor thing, I don't believe she felt repaid for her long walk, for all she heard was my report, and you know that was not very encouraging. Only think, Sue,' and here Miss Roxy sat up, and looked so indignant that her bonnet strings began to bristle in sympathy, 'only seventeen paying members in our church of over two hundred women, and five of them haven't paid this year! And our thank offering was so small—only seven dollars and twenty-nine cents—so we really have not raised the twenty dollars we always pledge for Mrs. Brighthope's salary; and to fail this year, when all the American Board work has been cut, too!'

'It does seem hard.' murmured Susanna.

'I would not feel so bad, sister, if the people were poor,' went on Miss Roxy, 'but they're not. Of course we ain't, so to speak, a rich church, but we always pay our minister reg'lar, and you know the ladies are real generous about Thanksgiving dinners for the poor, and the barrels for Miss Cathcart, but when it comes to "foreign" missions some of 'em do find the greatest amount of excuses. I met Mrs. Candour, as I was comin' home, and as I 'most knew she didn't send her envelope into the thank offerin', and she wasn't there to-day, I stopped and told her 'bout bein' seventy-nine cents short on our pledge, and how bad I felt. "Law, Miss Roxy," says she, "I'd give you something in a minute if I had it, but Marietta and I went in town to hear M. last Tuesday, and we were so delighted that we just had to go again, and so I haven't a cent this time. Maybe Miss Dale can help you out;" and as Miss Dale came tripping along in her lively way, Mrs. Candour told her about it. But Miss Dale had been buying Christmas presents, and showed her empty pocketbook and laughed as she said: "O, I forgot all about the meeting—how many were there? I don't suppose I lost much! Good-by; I'm due at my physical culture class;" and away she flew, busy and generous 'bout everythin' else. What a help she would be in our auxiliary! But she was more'n half right about the meeting. The vestry was cold, and there wasn't a soul there to play, so I had to start the tune; and you know, Sue, I wasn't cut out for a singer, so it went kind of limpy and we didn't sing no more. Then Mrs. Borous wa'n't there, and Mrs. Call asked me to pray—Mrs. Borous generally does that, you know—and really, Sue, I do wonder how she ever manages to think of so much to say? I was so scared I could hear my heart beat, and I don't believe any one but the Lord heard a word I said! I thought before I went I never see such an interesting number of 'Life and Light,' but I declare, Miss Slowman and Mrs. Lowe read so low I couldn't hear more'n half of it, and the pieces seemed amazin' long, someway. Mrs. Call was going to resign being president, but no one else would take it; so she finally said she would for one year more rather'n see the auxiliary die, because her mother would feel so bad if it should be given up. You know old Mrs. Doing organized our society nigh onto twenty years ago, and we used to have a lot of members, and real good meetin's—you know how 'twas, Susy. I declare, I don't know but it might as well die 's live on at this poor dyin' rate. I'm just as discouraged as I can be!'

'Sho, now, Roxy, I wouldn't feel so. Here comes Katie. Maybe she can help you to mend it up as good's new, or better,' said Miss Sue, always a comforter, though she had lain ten years on her couch a helpless invalid. Just then the door opened, and their niece came hurrying in out of the cold, home from her day's work as teacher in the High School. The good ladies were very proud of this niece—their brother's only daughter—a college girl, who was spending her first year after graduation with them.

'What is the matter, auntie? You look as though you hadn't a friend in the world. O, auxiliary meeting to-day, and it was worse than usual? Dear me, I wish I knew how to help you! Mamma is president of ours at home, but I've been away so long at school I'm afraid I don't know as much about such things as I ought. But I'll write to mamma this very night, and then I'll help you plan the next meeting. We'll surprise the good people, so cheer up, you blessed old soul!'

A busy month followed. Many letters passed between Miss Roxy and her brother's wife. Kate enlisted some of 'the girls,' and dainty notes of invitation found their way into the home of every woman who attended the Daysville Congregational Church. These notes read as follows: 'Miss Susanna Ready desires the pleasure of your company at her home Monday afternoon, February the fourth, from three to five, to meet the charter members of the Woman's Auxiliary.'

The day, into the thought of which had gone so much of planning and praying, dawned clear and beautiful. Early in the afternoon carriages began to stop in front of the humble little home, and a number of elderly ladies, all evidently feeble and some of them crippled, were assisted by strong arms into the house. Later a goodly company of younger ladies gathered—some from curiosity, others from a real desire to honor these mothers in Israel.

The old-fashioned parlors wore an air of decorous festivity, and the exercises opened with a carol of 'Welcome,' written by one of the musical young daughters of the church and sung by a bevy of Katharine's girls, who were having a week's vacation, and had all been enlisted for this meeting. Mrs. Call read the forty-fifth Psalm, and her voice trembled as she glanced at the dear old mother, present for the first time for five years at her beloved 'meeting,' and the prayer of thanksgiving 'for the beautiful lives lived among us' was neither long nor formal. Then came an account of the early days of the Woman's Board and the story of its marvellous growth, pithily written and charmingly read by one of the Sunday-school teachers, whose invalid mother, for the first time in ten years, had been brought outside the four walls of her home to meet with the dear workers of other days. A friend of Katharine's, who was visiting her, told of the very successful Cradle Roll in her home church; and as she pleaded for the little ones of Christless lands, and told of the poor mothers whose babies are torn from them and hurried out of the world by the fathers, who scorn the little girl lives, tears filled the eyes of many happy women. The minister's wife, who had a new little darling in her home, was especially moved, and whispered to her next neighbor, the mother of three little daughters, 'I don't see what we are thinking of not to have a Cradle Roll here.'

Mrs. Newcomb, who had become a resident of Daysville within the month, bringing with her all the enthusiasm for missionary work which characterizes the ——— Branch, gave a report of the annual meeting of the Board. She spoke of the many sufferings and hardships borne so uncomplainingly by the devoted women in Turkey, China, and other fields. 'I always think of these words when I see our missionaries,' she said, reverently, '"This I did for thee. What doest thou for me?" for you know they are really our substitutes. They bear the heat and burden of the day, while we sit at ease in happy Christian homes.'

Then there followed a 'Privilege service,' when one after another of the dear mothers and grandmothers spoke of their joy at meeting once more with the auxiliary, and of all the blessings brought into their own lives by the foreign missionary service. Miss Susanna, her pale face aglow with joy at the 'luxury' of attending a missionary meeting, made an appeal for new members.

Little pledge cards were distributed bearing these words: 'Acknowledging the personal claim of foreign missions, I will endeavor, God enabling me, to pray for missions every day; to attend the regular meetings of the auxiliary; to give for their support . . . . per week through the Woman's Auxiliary of Daysville Congregational Church. Signed, ...' No one was surprised when the treasurer, with beaming face, announced that twenty of these little cards had been handed to her signed.

'You see,' said Miss Dale to her dearest friend, as they went home together, after the happy social hour and tea drinking which followed the meeting, 'I never dreamed it could mean so much to be a live member of a missionary society. Those dear old saints so thankful over this one meeting, make me want to realize what a model missionary society might do here.'

Esther Dale was one of the twenty, and all the others were apparently of her way of thinking.

A year has gone by since then, and almost all of the new members—not to mention the old—have brought yet 'another woman' into the auxiliary. The attendance at the meetings has trebled; the young mothers, who gave their babies without much thought to the Cradle Roll, came one by one to realize that they must be ready by and by to answer eager little questioners who should ask, 'What is it, mamma, to be a little light bearer?' So it came about that there were new names to the list of 'Life and Light,' and 'Dayspring' subscribers, new and earnest voices in the prayer service of the missionary meeting, and one day, lo! the old formal routine had quietly slipped forever out of sight.

The Prayer Calendar found its way into many a home, the lesson leaflet became a well-loved visitor each month, and when it came time for the annual thank offering, a happy host of workers brought generous gifts.

Perhaps Esther Dale spoke for many as she said to Miss Roxy, at the close of that meeting, 'People used to urge me to "take an interest" in missions, "because," they said, "it is more blessed to give than to receive;" but I've been receiving ever since I came into this blessed society! I want to begin to give, now. Miss Roxy,' and the fair young head was bowed to whisper the words, 'Miss Roxy, do you think I might give myself and be—a real, live missionary?'

A Model School.

The tiny teacher rang the bell,
No scholar came in late;
She gave them each a word to spell,
Their blackboard was a slate.

Their arms were folded on their laps,
And not one word they spoke;
She gave the desk a few light taps,
Yet none the silence broke.

A few of them were dressed in white
And some had dresses blue;
And every one was tidy quite,
With cheeks of rosy hue.

She scolded them, they did not stir;
A China doll fell down,
But made no sad complaint to her,
Although it cracked its crown.

They never called each other names;
Their books they never tore;
In school, they never played at games,
As some have done before.

A model school! Yes, strange to tell,
Tho' as good as good can be,
Not one of them knew how to spell
That small word, C-A-T.

Two Little Girls Who Lost Their Names.

A True Story by Birdalane in 'Children's Work for Children.'

But did any one ever really lose a name? Yes: two little girls once lost their names, and they lost them so far away that they never found them again. They were two queer little things, about five and seven years old, as black as black could be, with little woolly heads, and white, pearly teeth that a princess might envy. Their home was in Africa, close down by the ocean shore, and a very nice home they thought it. You and I might have thought it a little too warm, but they liked strong sun heat; and if it grew too hot, there were always the cool sea waves coming and going on the beach, in which they could take a good bath for cooling off at any hour; and at sunset the soft sea breeze came landward, tempting them to a game of romps upon the sand.

One bright summer day they went out, one to plant coffee in her mother's garden, the other to play. Not far off the coast lay a dirty, ill-looking ship, with a dirty, ill-looking crew. Day after day they had lain there, sending boats shoreward by day that went no one knew where; only they were always sure to return at night with plenty more people than they held in the morning, and many of the new people in them were children. Our little girls were quite too busy with their own affairs to mind ships or boats; so one gathered shells upon the beach, and the other planted coffee, without minding anybody. But some one was watching them with greedy, wicked eyes, resolving to seize them, put them on shipboard, sail away, and sell them for slaves. The little slave boat had run into a shaded creek. With steps as noiseless as soft-footed pussy when she is watching for a mouse, the slaver gained the garden hedge. One bound, and he was within the enclosure, and had seized the little one. With one hand pressed upon her mouth to still the agonizing cry for help, he bears her to the boat. There is no good-bye to mother; only a hurried flight, with jibes and curses that the little feet cannot go faster, and the frightened child is pushed into the boat. Oh, little girl playing on the beach, throw down your pink and violet shells! Run, fly! danger is near! Oh, too late! The cruel slaver has her fast. He drags her to the boat, and, fast bound hand and foot, she is thrust in. When twilight falls the loaded boat will take the stolen children to the ship. Oh, the little aching, sorrowing hearts gathered on that dismal vessel!

Now Satan, who is so busy in helping people to do wrong, is often quite cruel to those who serve him best, and likes nothing better than to bring them into deep trouble. Our slaver served Satan so faithfully in stealing little children that he overcrowded his ship, and with so many little mouths to feed bread and water were soon wanting. That was trouble sure enough; for if the children died of hunger, he would have none to sell, and then his gains would be gone. Sailing for the island of St. Thomas, he spied an American ship, and made signals of distress. The American captain gave him both food and water. Then, pitying the children, he said, 'I have given you food; give me a child.' And the slaver gave him the little girl who had planted coffee. 'Now give me another,' said the good captain, 'to play with her.' The slaver frowned, but gave him the little girl who had gathered shells upon the beach; and the kind captain took them both to his own ship.

Sorrowful little things they were. No one could talk with them, for no one on board understood their language. 'What is your name, little black puss?' asked the captain; but neither made answer, for they could not understand. So the good man said, 'If you cannot tell me your names, I must give you new ones. You I will call Julia Cortez, for my good ship, and your playfellow shall be called Paula.

'But what to do with you poor little gypsies is a puzzle. You need to be washed and dressed and taught, and a ship is no place for that.' While he was vexing his brain with these questions his ship sailed up the mouth of the Gaboon river. There we will leave them for a minute, and talk of some one else.

Not long before the Julia Cortez had sailed into Gaboon harbor another American vessel had sailed in also. She had on board many curious things for trade—guns and calico and hatchets and copper kettles and many other things that the Africans love to buy. But down in her cabin she had one great treasure for the poor Africans, although they were too ignorant to care much for it. Sweet Susan Pierce had left her home in Bangor, Maine, to go away across the ocean to live in Africa among the ignorant blacks, who had no bible, no Sabbath-schools or churches to tell them about Jesus. She had gone to live at the mission where the good captain went to take Julia and Paula and ask the missionaries to keep them and teach them to be Christian children. Some of the missionaries were sick, some of them had gone to America to get well, and those who were well had more black children to teach than they could well take care of; so it seemed that there was no room for the two little stolen girls. Then dear Mrs. Pierce said 'If Mrs. Walker can have the trouble of them until my house in the bush is finished I will take the little things.' Mrs. Walker said 'yes,' and Mrs. Pierce took them for her children and began to teach them to read and to pray and to work.

They were bright little things, but they seemed to learn bad things faster than good ones. They learned and remembered all the wicked words they heard, and there seemed to be no end to their lying and stealing and their evil ways. Some said, 'They are so bad it is no use to try to teach them.' But Mrs. Pierce said, 'I will teach them and pray for them too.'

But one sunny morning she fell very ill, and she said, 'Bring me Paula and Julia that I may speak to them once more.' The little girls were brought; and giving them a mother's blessing, she bade them 'repent and love Jesus,' and then she went away to be with her Saviour.

After this Mrs. Bushnell took the little girls and taught them; and when she became so ill that it was needful for her to come to America, Mrs. Walker cared for them until 'Mamma Bushnell,' as Julia called her, went back again.

Julia lived some years with Mrs. Bushnell. Then she wrote me, 'I am to leave Mamma Bushnell soon. I am going to be married and go to Camma to live—a long way from mamma. I am sad to go so far from mamma. I would not mind it so much if I had Jesus for my friend. I do not think I love him yet.'

I said, 'If Julia goes down to heathen Camma to live, I am afraid she will turn heathen too. I must pray that that little girl who lost her name may have a new name written in the Lamb's book of life; for if Jesus puts it there, he will never forget it or her.'

Years went by, and I only heard that Julia was a heathen; but at last one day a letter came with precious words from Julia. She had come back to her old mission home, and with deep repentance for the past she had sought and found that Saviour whose story had once only been to her a pleasant tale. Julia is now a bible reader in Africa. She lives at the mission, helping the missionaries, and is, I hear, a very useful woman.

But remember that in that far land there are thousands of Julias and Paulas, though known by other names, who need just such patient training as, blessed by God, has brought this nameless waif into the kingdom. Our missionaries grow weak and feeble under the weight of much care and labor. When they lay the burden down, who will take it up and go on with the work? The Lord Jesus may not give you the privilege of working for him in his mission vineyard; but if he should say to you, 'Go work for me in Africa,' answer like Samuel, 'Here am I.' And when hands that now drop and hang down with weariness are folded away for resting, may yours, strong, young and active, be given the privilege of gathering in sheaves, many and golden, for the harvest—sheaves of just such priceless yet perishing souls as those of the 'two little girls who lost their names.'—'Children's Work for Children'

Good Resolutions.

We all make them. Why do they so often come to nothing—end in smoke, as it were? I think this is the reason. We don't set about carrying them out directly. We say, 'I'll begin to do this or that tomorrow or next week.'

Try another plan. When you make a good resolution, act on it that very moment, even if it is only shutting a door, or getting up when called.

And having once made a resolution, don't shirk it; oblige yourself to keep it. Be true to yourself. Don't say, 'I made it so I can break it.' That would be mean, indeed. —'Children's Treasury.'

Shall and Won't.

'I won't!' said Tim.
'You shall!' said Jim,
And then they stood and glared.
'Twas very sad,
This quarrel bad,
And temper that they shared.

'Give up that toy,
You greedy boy!'
'No, that I won't, you know;'
And oh, they fought,
As no one ought,
And sobbed in bitter woe.

'Oh dear,' said Tim.
'Alas!' said Jim,
'Now, what are we to do?
For only see,
The damage we
Have done our plaything new.'

Then Timmy sighed,
And Jimmy cried,
'Why did we ever fight,
It was a shame;
We're both to blame;
It only serves us right.'

Then Timmy said,
With drooping head,
''Twas very wrong, I see,
We each are pained,
And nothing gained
But tears and misery.'

'Oh true!' Said Jim,
'And look here, Tim,
We won't forget to-day;
And "shall" and "won't"
I really don't
Believe we'll ever say.'

—Maud Maddick in 'Our Little Dots.'

Temperance Catechism.

A TALK ABOUT CIDER.

(Boy with mug of cider walks along in front of the class.)

1. Q.—Here comes a boy asking you to take some cider into this nice house of yours. What do you say to him ?

A.—No, I thank you. Not any for me ; I never take cider.

2. Q.—What is this cider that you refuse ?

A.—Apple juice spoiled by decay.

3. Q.—How does decay spoil it ?

A.—Decay changes the sugar of a sweet liquid into the poison alcohol.

4. Q.—How may you know there is alcohol in cider ?

A.—We can drive it off by heat and show it by burning it.

5. Q.—What would such cider do to you if you should take it ?

A.—It would make us tipsy, crazy, drunk.

6. Q.—Does cider ever make drunkards ?

A.—A great many drunkards began on cider when they were children.

7. Q.—Do you never take any apple-juice ?

A.—We take it in the apples before it decays.

8. Q.—How do you manage that ?

A.—We grind up the apples with the little white grindstones in our own little mill. (Motion to the teeth.)

9. Q.—Do you turn your mouth into a cider-mill ?

A.—Yes ; a safe cider-mill, for we swallow the juice while we know it is sweet.

10. Q.—Why is this better than to drink it from a cup ?

A.—We are sure it can do no harm, so this is the way we take our cider.

—Catechism by Julia Colman, (National Temperance Society.)

Missionary Work For Boys and Girls.

(By L. C. Harrington.)

'What if the little raindrop say :
"So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields ;
I'll tarry in the sky ?" '

A successful way of enticing the 'drop' out of the 'sky' and of interesting, yea, making the children wild with excitement and enthusiasm for practical missionary work is this : Obtain a list of names of boys and girls living in remote parts of our own land or in Newfoundland. Ask your juniors who have Sunday-school papers or magazines of their own to save them to send away ; then give one name to each volunteer, and impress on them—first, the necessity of sending regularly, each week, the little paper already enjoyed by themselves ; second, the importance of a hard, strong effort to earn the one cent required weekly for postage; third, to make their first letter to the distant child very bright, telling of your Junior society, the sisters and brother, the games of interest, and be sure to ask the child if he would like to receive each Saturday a paper addressed to himself, and if so to answer (send first paper and letter together and a stamp for answer, if possible).

Soon a letter comes, it may be rubbed and dirty-looking, telling how extremely delighted 'John' was at receiving the boy's magazine. He thinks it is 'jolly,' and is lending it to five boys, who talk about it, laugh over it, dream about it, and vie with each other in learning the poetry, making out the puzzles, and drawing the pictures in it. Before this much-beloved paper is thumbed quite to pieces, the illustrated parts are pasted on the bare walls of the little log-home. 'John' ends his letter by saying that he is walking nine miles to post the letter, as the ox-cart does not go in for three days, and he is bound this letter won't miss the mail.

After this first letter is received and read to your society, each member will be anxious to get a name to send to.

Send to some of your missionaries for names, and they will thank providence for opening up a way for the children to get reading matter, there being no libraries or Sunday-school papers in the places where they preach.

This simple but effective plan of interesting Juniors in practical missionary work is worthy of wide adoption. —'Endeavor Herald.'

Primary Teaching.

My great help is the picture roll, and if I could not have that I would string the colored picture lesson-cards and use them like a roll. If the class is small and must be in the room with the school, these might serve about at well. I explain the Golden Text, show the new picture and tell its story, and then hear the lesson, review and advance, on the roll, asking question after question, going over it again and again, calling up Johnny to find the cloud that hid our Lord as he vanished and lifting Jenny to put her finger on the two angels that said he would come back again. I turn the roll and the very little boys can find the lame man with bare legs and crutches. This is a good place to stop and repeat our verse beginning, 'These are the twelve apostles' names,' and decide which of the two apostles these are who have something better than gold or silver dollars for the poor fellow. We find everything in the picture. We count the people, name the children and guess how much Ananias had in his bag. Order suffers, for half the children are on their feet at once, and every one wants to point out something he sees on the roll—but they go home and talk about the lesson.

It requires some hardihood to confess that I neither use nor want to use a black-board. My children cannot read from either book or black-board. The ingenious anagrams and rebuses recommended in many 'helps,' the chalk lessons—yellow marks for the disciples and a white one for Christ, a green square for a synagogue and a brown dot for a blind man, a key to remember that love unlocks the door of the heart, and a candle to show what the bible does for our feet—all these seem to me to make darkness deeper and to add perplexity to simple ignorance. Nor do I believe that little children get any real instruction out of such exercises. Older scholars may, perhaps, grown people, visitors, especially those who neither teach nor study, and those who know much less of the bible than they are willing to acknowledge. All these watch with delight handling of colored crayons on a blackboard, and with open-eyed wonder and bated breath follow the teacher as she pins up great white hearts stamped with red letters, and when the red letters finally spell out a text, they smile and sigh, just as they would do if a juggler had pulled a rabbit out of a borrowed hat. But to the little child, who has doubtless been amused by it all as a 'show,' between the colored chalks and the paper hearts, the flags and the keys, the impression is confused, the lesson is misunderstood and nothing is left for him to carry away.—Mrs. E. McL. Rowland, in the 'Congregationalist.'

Signing the Farm Away.

Fine old farm, for a hundred years
Kept in the family name ;
Cornfields rich with golden ears
Oft as the harvest came.
Crowded barn and crowded bin,
And still the loads kept coming in—
Rolling in for a hundred years ;
And the fourth in the family line appears.

Orchard covered the slopes of the hill ;
Cider—forty barrels, they say—
Sure in season to come from the mill ;
To be tasted round Thanksgiving Day !
And they drank as they worked, and they drank as they ate,
Winter and summer, early and late,
Counting it as a great mishap
To be found 'without a barrel on tap.'

But, while the seasons crept along,
And passions into habits grew,
Their appetites became as strong,
As ever a drunkard knew.
And they labored less and they squandered more,
Chiefly for rum at the village store,
Till called by the sheriff, one bitter day,
To sign the homestead farm away.

The father, shattered and scented with rum;
The mother, sick and pale, and thin,
Under the weight of her sorrows dumb,
In debt for the bed she was dying in ;
Oh, I saw the wrecked household around her stand—
And the justice lifted her trembling hand.
Helping her as in her pain she lay,
To sign the homestead farm away.

Ah, how she wept ! And the flood of tears
Swept down her temples bare !
And the father, already bowed with years,
Bowed lower with despair !
Drink ! Drink ! It has ripened into woe
For them and all they loved below,
And forced them poor, and old and gr?
To sign the homestead farm away.

Oh, many scenes have I met in life,
And many a call to pray ;
But the saddest of all was the drunkard's wife
Signing the farm away ;
Home, once richest in all the town,
Home in that fatal cup poured down,
Worse than fire or flood's dismay—
Drunkard signing the farm away !
—Rev. W. R. Cochrane.

The Sins of the Parents Visited Upon the Children.

The natural law commonly expressed by the phrase, 'the survival of the fittest,' has a necessary corollary; th e extinction of the unfit. The declaration of science is no less emphatic than the declaration of Holy Writ, that the iniquities of the fathers are visited upon the children. The drink iniquity is no exception. Dr. L. D. Mason, the noted specialist in the treatment of inebriety, says that the family of a drunkard seldom runs to the third generation, unless new and sober blood is infused into it ; and that the children of moderate drinkers are almost certain to inherit a tendency to inebriety, insanity, imbecility or some other form of nervous degeneration as fatal to the propagation of a healthy progeny. Science seems to place a very literal interpretation upon the words, 'unto the third and fourth generation.'

SABBATH SCHOOL

LESSON XII.—June 20.

Personal Responsibility.

Romans xiv., 10-21. Commit vs. 19-21.

(MAY BE USED AS A TEMPERANCE LESSON.)

GOLDEN TEXT.

'It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth.'—Rom. xiv., 21.

Home Readings.

M. Luke vi., 37-49.—'Judge not, and ye shall not be Judged.'
T. Matt. xxv., 31-46.—The Judgment Seat of Christ.
W. Rom. xiv., 1-9.—'None of us Liveth to Himself.'
Th. Rom. xiv., 10-23.—Personal Responsibility.
F. Rom. xv., 1-13.—The Strong Should Help the Weak.
S. I. Cor. viii., 1-13.—We should Regard Others' Consciences.
S. Phil. ii., 1-16.—'Holding forth the Word of Life.'

Lesson Story.

Paul writes to the church at Rome concerning the ceremonials of religion. Questions naturally arose between the Jews and the Gentiles about the right and wrong of things, the Jews were forbidden by the rabbinical laws to eat flesh prepared by heathen butchers or to drink wine from the vineyards of heathen. For this reason many Jews in foreign cities lived on vegetables and herbs, making the observance of these laws part of their religion. These held that since their conduct was right, any conduct different from theirs would be wrong. The Jews also still kept the seventh day as the Sabbath, and the Christians kept the first day of the week, the day on which our Lord rose from the dead.

These questions had led to disputes and quarrels, each man thinking his own way best and the strong minded becoming stumbling blocks to the weak. Paul counsels them not to judge each other, but to let each man quietly do what he thinks best about these matters not essential to salvation. Above all they must not put stumbling blocks in the way of the weaker brethren, they must be willing to give up their deepest prejudices for the sake of winning souls to Christ. Since eating meat would be a sin to those who thought it wrong to do so—those who thought otherwise should be willing to give up those things that appeared to them simply as innocent indulgences, for the sake of harmony and peace. Surely this is little to ask from those who should be willing to 'lay down their lives for the brethren.' (I: John iii., 16.)

Lesson Hymn.

Say, is your lamp burning, my brother?
I pray you look quickly and see,
For if it were burning, then surely
Some beams would fall bright upon me.
Straight, straight is the road, but I falter,
And oft I fall out by the way;
Then lift your lamp higher, my brother,
Lest I should make fatal delay.

There are many and many around you,
Who follow wherever you go;
If you thought they would walk in the shadow,
Your lamp would burn brighter, I know.
Upon the dark mountains they stumble,
They are bruised on the rocks where they lie,
With their white, pleading faces turned upward,
To the clouds and the pitying sky.

If once all the lamps that are lighted,
Should steadily blaze in a line;
Wide over the land and the ocean,
What a girdle of glory would shine!
How all the dark places would brighten!
How the mist would roll up and away!
How the earth would laugh out in her gladness,
To hail the millennial day!

Lesson Hints.

This epistle was written in the spring of A.D. 58, as Paul was returning from his third missionary journey. It was dictated by Paul and written down by Tertius in the house of a Corinthian Christian. The letter was carried by Phebe, a 'deacon' or 'minister' of the church, to Rome. It was written in Greek, as that language was the most classical and correct, and understood by most people. There were a great many Jews in Rome and the church there had probably been formed by those who had been converted in Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost and returned to Rome.

This lesson is not about questions of conduct already settled, every one knows that it is wrong to steal and lie, and those questions do not need to be discussed. But there are many questions which frequently come up about which people have different views. Take, for instance, the question of dancing—now, while it may appear to be no harm for you to dance, still you know that many people have been injured in character by ball room associates. Now if those persons to whom dancing means ruin can quote you as an example—can say 'It must be right to dance because so and so does it, and he (or she) is a member of the church'—it puts you in an awkward position. 'Destroy not him for whom Christ died,' by using privileges which, though innocent to you, to him means sin.

It is the spirit of the law by which we must go, not the letter. Every one agrees that it is a great sin to kill a man's body, yet how much greater in the sight of God must be the sin of killing a man both body and soul by tempting him to begin that course which leads to his destruction. We are not afraid of these things because we can use them moderately, we are strong, but the weak brother who tries to follow our moderate use gets caught in the power of the tempter and whirled on to ruin. Vainly he pleads that we who have lead him into trouble will lead him out, we are not able. Yet we are able in the first place to keep out of these things ourselves and to work to banish the temptation from our weaker brethren. The heart filled with the love of Jesus does not need to seek for pleasure in the ball-room or at the card-table, or at the theatre, or in the wine cup.

'Why dost thou judge thy brother?'—that is, imputing to him the worst of motives. You know nothing of his temptations and inward conflicts, he may be living up to his light: You may not seem to him any better than he seems to you. 'All stand before the judgment seat of Christ'—To give account of our own deeds and misdeeds, not of our neighbor's. 'A stumbling block,'—Standing in the way of others when we ought to be helping them into the Kingdom of Heaven. 'Grieved'—If his conscience be injured. 'Not charitably'—'Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.'

'The Kingdom of God is not meat and drink'—(Matt. xv., 17-20.) 'Righteousness and peace and joy'—Such as the world cannot give. 'Approved of men'—The world has an ideal of what a Christian ought to do and be. 'For meat'—Or anything questionable. 'Destroy not the work of God'—Every true Christian should rather give up everything questionable and spend his time trying to build up the work of righteousness.

Search Questions.

By what name were the people called who refrained from strong drink, in Old Testament times?

Primary Lesson.

First we should be willing to serve God, then we should try to be strong, wise people, the kind that can serve God well. Can a crazy person serve God? No. Then we should not drink things that make people crazy. Should we have good brains or weak ones to serve God well? We should have good strong brains if we can. Then we must not smoke, for tobacco is very bad for little boys' brains, and bodies, too. God wants us to be careful of ourselves and always say no when some one asks us to do what would hurt the nice body he has given us.

Say 'No, I won't,' if a boy asks you to smoke. Run away as fast as you can if others try to make you do wrong. That is the truly brave thing to do, just to 'trust in God and do the right.' It is more manly to do right than to do wrong. The bible says 'Add to your faith manliness, and knowledge and temperance.' Manliness and knowledge are what children need, to make them good temperance boys and girls. You are manly when you are strong enough to do right. Knowledge of what is right and what is wrong is very necessary, too. If you are not sure that a thing is right it is better to leave it quite alone. Often you would find that your father or mother or Sunday-school teacher would tell you just what you want to know about the right and wrong if you asked seriously. In the meantime here are a few words about the right care of our bodies and brains. It is not temperate to eat so much that you have a pain after dinner. It is not temperate for any child to smoke at all, or to drink any liquor. It is not temperate to read bad stories.

SUGGESTED HYMNS.

'Have courage my boy, to say no,' 'Hark the Temperance bells,' 'Yield not to temptation,' 'In the secret of his presence,' 'Jesus my Saviour,' 'I know I love thee better, Lord.'

Practical Points.

A. H. CAMERON.

Were a view of the last great day stereotyped on our minds, probably many an unkind word and many an ungenerous deed would be nipped in the bud. (verses 10-12.)

Our brother's infirmity should be our opportunity for exhibiting brotherly love. (verses 13-15.)

The worldling lives to eat, drink and enjoy himself. The consecrated Christian eats to live, and lives to glorify God and enjoy him forever. (verses 16-18.)

Paul's law of love is on a far higher plane than the ceremonial law of Moses. Which law is our guide? (verses 18-21.)

Tiverton, Ont.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

June 13.—The best way to study the bible. —Ps. xix., 7-14.

Junior Prayer-Meeting Topic.

June 13.—What good comes from reading the bible?—Ps. xix., 7-11.

Taking Care of the Lambs.

A gentleman was walking over his farm with a friend, exhibiting his crops, herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. His friend was highly pleased with everything that was shown him, but with nothing so much as with his fine looking sheep. He had seen the same breed before, but he had never seen such noble specimens, and with great earnestness he asked how he succeeded in producing such flocks. The simple answer of the farmer was, 'I take care of my lambs, sir.'

Here was the whole secret of his large, heavy-fleeced, fat sheep; he took care of them when they were lambs. Here is an apt illustration for Sunday-school teachers. If our churches of the future are to be full of spiritual life and energy, there must be proper care taken of the lambs. We can think of nothing of greater importance than the proper instruction and fostering of the children in our Sunday-schools. 'Feed my lambs,' is as emphatic a duty to-day as when spoken by the risen Lord to the penitent Peter. In this work of feeding the lambs the work of the Sunday-school teacher is to supplement the efforts of the pastor. The lambs are to be fed. The instruction is to be wholesome. It is to supply a want in their youthful natures which nothing else in this wide world can supply.

If the lambs are properly fed they will grow up with well-knit frames, ready and able to do the work committed to the Church of Christ, and able to breast the storms that will inevitably be encountered. Faithful work in the Sunday-school will be seen in the strong Christian men and women of the years that are coming.—'Living Epistle.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Boys and Buttons.

I was not acquainted with the lady, but I had often seen her and heard that she was 'in business'—a fact conveying to my mind the impression that she was away from home the greater part of the day. She kept house, but, a rumor had it, she kept no servant and had adopted two destitute children. But a few days ago I heard some remarks of hers which suggested that she might have some commendable methods of accomplishing a large amount of work. I was waiting for my car in the Rapid Transit Transfer Station, when this woman and a Mrs. Banks, who was well known as a rather talkative, inquisitive person, entered and sat down together.

'How do you ever get along, I'd just like to know! And those two strapping boys! How old are they?' asked Mrs. Banks.

'Rob is twelve and Tom is ten.'

'And you make their pants and shirt waists and everything! Why do you do it?'

'Cheaper. I could hardly afford to keep them properly clothed if I had to buy every thing for them.'

'And the mending—buttons and all! Don't I know how one boy can keep me mending and sewing on buttons until I'm tired! Isn't it an awful bother?'

'No bother at all.'

'O, now, that's all talk! You're mortal just like the rest of us. It must take just as much time for you to sew on a button as for anybody!'

'I never have sewed on their buttons.'

'Mercy, what makes them stay! When they play with my Harry I've noticed again and again their buttons are always on—shoes and waists and pants and all. Why don't they come off?'

'They do come off.'

'Just what I said. And how do they get on?'

'The boys sew them on.'

'Well, since when have boys taken to sewing on buttons! I'd like to see Harry sewing one once! Why, he would let his clothes drop off first.'

'Rob and Tom have no choice about it. They have to sew on their buttons just the same as they have to comb their own hair and wash their own faces.'

'But how do they know how?'

'It was no trouble to teach them that. Anybody can learn to sew on a button properly.'

'It would bother me more than doing it myself. Harry would shout, "Ma, where's a needle? where's some thread? Ma, I can't find the scissors! where's a button?" And then it wouldn't be done.

'How do you manage?'

'My boys never leave their room with a button off. If a button is off when they go up stairs, it must be on when they come down. Each boy has a little case I made him—a longish paste-board box, the width of a large spool. Wires across the box at even distances, and on each wire is a spool—a spool of coarse white thread, of coarse black thread, of black linen thread, and of medium size black and white thread. The box is fastened to the wall and the spools can't get away. Each boy has a pair of scissors hanging by a long ribbon to a nail by the box. Fastened to the box is a needle-book, a pin-cushion, a piece of wax and an emery. On top of the box is another box containing every kind of button on the boys' clothes. Every Saturday night they darn their own stockings. I had to darn my own stockings when I was ten, and if a girl can a boy can.'

'At any rate you make their clothes!'

'Yes, but the most I do is the cutting out and finishing. The boys do all the machine sewing, or nearly all. Rob says he could make a whole shirt waist if it weren't for the buttonholes, and I believe he could.'

'Don't they object? Harry would fuss the life out of himself and complain until I went wild!'

'Probably because he would feel that you expected him to object. My boys accept the situation as philosophically as they do eating with their forks and taking baths. They are better off for doing such things. It impresses them with a sense of personal responsibility.'

'They must be very queer boys,' said Mrs. Banks, incredulously.

At that moment the queer boys appeared upon the scene. After hearing this conversation I naturally eyed their clothes very closely. They were unquestionably well fastened together. The ornamental buttons on their trouser knees, usually lacking in whole or in part, were all on. Their shoes were well blacked, their black stockings were well pulled up, their neckties were well tied; in fact, they seemed noticeably well dressed, though close observation failed to show that they wore a fortune on their backs.

The three left the station and I went home meditating on many things concerning boys and buttons.—'Congregationalist.'

Jubilee Number of the Messenger!

SEND YOUR FRIENDS A PRESENT FREE.

THE Queen's Coronation is to be commemorated next week, as Queen Victoria then completes the sixtieth year of her reign. Grand preparations for this event are now being made in every part of her vast empire. To celebrate it the next issue of "Northern Messenger" will have **Four Pages** more than usual. The extra pages will be filled with **Queen's Jubilee Matter** and **appropriate Pictures.**

Many of our readers have friends who do not get the "Messenger." If each reader will, on receiving this paper, send us on a post card, without more than a day's delay, a list of names with post office addresses, we will send to each address a copy of the **Jubilee Number FREE.** The names must, however, be sent at once that we may know how many extra copies to print.

Where Schools are in session it will be sufficient for the teacher or any pupil to send us the number of the scholars and we will send them a package of papers for distribution.

The Sanitary Kitchen.

We place our parlors and dining rooms with reference to nice ideas of light, shade and outlook. Even the halls and lodging rooms are objects of some solicitude and care, but the kitchen must often take up with what despised and narrow space there may be left. Many there are who think this room needs only a cramped and limited area; and those who allow for it reasonable space do not mind how dark and dreary it may be or how poorly furnished for the personal comfort of its occupants.

The kitchen, as its name implies, is the cooking-room. Why should it be so often a dark, doleful and forbidding place? It must be planned, first of all, of course, for cleanliness, and its furniture should lend itself readily to that end, but when this prime factor is accomplished there can be no harm in a few pictures on the wall, now that pleasant touches and pictures are so various and so cheap. It is not impossible to dispose rugs in a kitchen, or even to have a carpet of a pleasing kind therein. Some easy chairs there should be, even if one in the city kitchen should sometimes prove inviting to Bridget's cousin.

There will come no harm either, from a rocking-chair; for, one of the chief duties in this apartment, sometimes, when important cooking is under way, is to watch and wait. And a moment's easy rest at this time is a preparation for better performed duty. To look out through a pleasantly-lighted and nicely arranged window in the country; to have flowers about the door, and to get a taste of the bracing breeze or the surrounding air, are not by any means extravagant requirements on behalf of this room.

It will be remembered that the heat and steam and chores of a kitchen, whether in city or country, are a burden to be borne where one must be for hours together in the atmosphere begotten of them. They dull the appetite, depress the spirits, and are detrimental to health. Careful ventilation, therefore, is a need demanded there almost more than anywhere else. The best kitchens I know are not very often those belonging to wealthy circles or in elegant houses. They are in many instances those belonging to large and old-fashioned farm houses, where three of the walls touch the out-of-doors, and where the large fire-place and possibly the old brick chimney attached even still remain.—'Journal of Hygiene.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER.

(To the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.')

Sir,—The 'Messenger' is very highly appreciated in our school, and since its change by which it was so much improved it is an exceptionally good Sunday-school paper. Both old and young are anxious to read it on Sunday evenings, and as it is in a double sheet and not stitched it is generally divided.

JAMES QUAIL.

Port Albert, Ont.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
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